The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?

From Monday December 26, to Wednesday December 28, 1709.

EMILIA's Day.

MY Niece *Sylvia*, Daughter to my Brother *Wealthy*, Merchant in *Virginia*, being ſent over to be poliſh'd here under my Tuition, I borrow'd my Lady *Stingy*'s Chariot, who lends it to every body becauſe ſhe pays her Coachman no Wages, and took *Roſella* with me to fetch her from *Wapping Wall*. When we came beyond the *Tower*, we fancied our ſelves in *Scotland*, there was *Eaſt Smithfield*, *Ratcliff Highway*, *Shadwel Market*, *Execution Dock*, *Blue Apron Bay*, and I thought *Old Gravel-Lane* wou'd have lam'd the Horſes, and tore the Coach to Pieces; but they not being our own, we were extreamly Eaſy: The Inhabitants ran out at the ſight of a Gentleman's Coach, as if a Blazing Star had appear'd to 'em, and the Women were ſo Booriſh, ſo Bold, and having each a Child in her Arms, they ſhew'd how fond the Vulgar ſort are of Converſing with that Beaſtly Creature, *Man*. The Cries we heard there were *Sprats*, *Muſcles*, *Trotters*, *Grey Peas*, and bak'd *Sheep's Head: Geeſe* and *Turkeys* they may have heard of, but never ſaw 'em, and for *Lark*, *Teel*, *Partridge* or *Pheaſant*, they muſt certainly ſuppoſe 'em to be the Names of Foreign Countries: Such *Wookcocks* we imagined 'em to be, when we came to the Place directed, we ſaw a Thing in Imitation of a Houſe, with Saſh Windows, and a Braſs Knocker at the Door, at which *Impudent Will* rapping too hard, the Neighbourhood was in an Uproar, and fancy'd, that a great Fire was broke out. *Swarthy Forecaſtle*, an Amphibious Creature, that calls himſelf Captain, who Freighted my Niece to *England*, came to the Door, and having Shoulder'd us out of the Coach, he waddled before us into a Place like a Parlour. *Roſella* and I ſtar'd at one another, to find that ſuch Animals have a Notion of Chairs and Tables; but as Children ſtrive to be Men, as *Strolers* pretend to be Actors, and as *Players* perſonate Gentlemen, we muſt allow every thing that's Humane to have a ſort of Pride, which prompts 'em to Emulate their Superiors, and they ought to be indur'd, ſince an awkard Imitation proves a Diverſion to thoſe truly refin'd. *Sylvia*, tho' unknown to me, by Natural Inſtinct flew into my Arms, Tears of Joy trickl'd from her, ſhe was diſtant Worlds from her Mother, and found the likeneſs of her in an Aunt, and the Reſemblauce Miſs had of my Siſter exhauſted the ſame from me, having not ſeen her for Ten Years paſt. *Roſella* comforted her with Education, Company, Gay Cloaths, Plays, Opera's and other fine Sights, and the *Tarr* hanging down his Head, and wiping his Noſe with his Sleeve, cry'd,—— *Pleaſe to Sir forſooth* —— *I h..' brought the Commodity ſafe to Harbour you ſee; I ne'er made any uſe of her, by the Maſs, ſhe did what ſhe liſted, and when ſhe had a mind to go to Bed, we left her and ſmok'd in the Gun Room.* Immediately ſails in ſomething like a Woman, which the Captain gave us to underſtand was his Dame; her Habit and the Furniture of her Houſe were all *Indian*, her Head was as high as the Main-Maſt, her Patches were rather Plaiſters, ſhe had a Watch like a Warming Pan, and her Gown was pinn'd up to the Cabbin Ceiling, *Gentlefolkes*, ſaid ſhe, *you are as Welcome as if you had been here a Hundred times, and pray Husband get us ſomething that is Wetting.* *Roſella* and I having repaid the Compliment, and by turns affected a violent Fit of Coughing to ſtifle our Laughter, in comes the Cabbin Boy, who inſtead of a Maid, toſſes up the Beds, Swabs the Houſe, and twirls about the Sea Beef, with a twinging Bowl of *Rum Punch*, as if they deſign'd we ſhou'd have *Bath'd* in it: The Captain offering us Pipes, and *Madam Forecaſtle* proffering to bear us Company, the good Nature of the Beaſts was (tho very unwelcome) ſo Superabundant, that we were forc'd to be a little Sociable, or the Ill-breeding had been on our ſide. To prevent ſwallowing down a filthy Potion every Moment, we were forc'd to enquire about Things we did n't deſire to know, talk of *French* Privateers, and bear the Noiſy Repetition of an Engagement, till the Captain fir'd with the Remembrance of it, put himſelf into ſuch a Ferment, that he threw about the Chairs, broke the Looking Glaſs, had like to have beat off his Wife's high Head, and had he but tumbled down his naſty Punch, we cou'd freely have forgiven him all. *Madam Forecaſtle*, the Tamer Savage of the two, entertain'd us with her Acquaintance in *Burr-ſtreet*, their Junketting Bouts, and how they all got *fox'd*; that truly, ſhe thought a Sneaker of *Punch* or a Can of good *Flip*, were preferable to your t'other end of the Town *Green Tea*, which was nothing but hot Water and Sugar, and your poiſonable *Bohee*, which always made her bring up her Dinner, and to Viſit where they give her nothing at all, ſhe takes it to be a very great Affront, and ſo pray *Gentlefolkes* Drink about. At this Rate were poor *Roſella* and I mortify'd for Four Hours, while two Strammelling Wenches in the Neighbourhood, had given the Coachman Sixpence to *ſe-ſaw* in the Chariot, and whenever we roſe to take our Leaves; *Avaſt*, *Gentlefolkes*, cries Madam, we never ſuffer Court Viſits at *Blue Apron Bay*; and the Captain Swore by the Lights of *Scilly*, he'd Hamſtring us: At laſt having forc'd upon us a Nauſeous Dram, and making us promiſe to Viſit 'em again, and bring Miſs *Sylvia* with us to ſee Miſs *Forecaſtle* Dance the *Onyon* at a Ball at *Shadwell*, we were releaſed from theſe Friendly Monſters, the Captain pawing us out of the Room, who

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gave *Roſella* ſuch a Spunk into the Coach, that ſhe profeſſed ſhe felt it two Hours after.

Roſella propoſed, ſince we cou'd n't give the Coachman leſs than a Crown, e'en to tire out the Horſes, and diſpatch a little Buſineſs; accordingly we hurry'd into the City, where *Chriſtmas* Quarter had made ſuch a Havock, that we found but juſt one of every Trade. *Roſella* being to Entertain the Mayor of *Wallingford* and his Mother, and wanting Sconces, Glaſſes, Tea-Tables, and China for a Deſert, we drove to my Cozen *Dick Archers* at the Corner of *Fetter Lane*. *Dick* was always a good humour'd Lad, and my Old Lady *Tempt-youth* his Godmother us'd to ſay, he had a thriving Countenance: He ſhow'd us ſuch Variety of Things, Pleaſant, Ornamental and Uſeful, that like Sir *Bartholomew Cokes* in the Fair, we were for buying his whole Stock. *Roſella* friſk'd about the Warehouſe in a perfect Tranſport, like a Lover over Amorous amongſt a Seraglio of Beauties; theſe Cups were handl'd, t'other Jarrs pull'd down, and thoſe Images admir'd, till ſhe grew as Impertinent as Parſons, and Women at a Court of Judicature; but my Cozen *Richard* had Senſe enough to know that Philoſophy is as much requir'd in Tradeſmen, and more in his fidling Buſineſs than in any ſet of People whatſoever, and that few Citizens arrive at Gold Chains, that are not Patient, Reaſonable, Reſpectful, and ſo Courteous, as not to Affront any Old Cat that ſhall Fidget about two Hours, ſpoil the *Oeconomy* of his *Warehouſe*, and then bid him Ten Shillings for what coſt him above Twenty. *Roſella* was ſo Charm'd with her new Faſhion *Decanters, Cups, Saucers, China Chamber Pot*, and what not, and ſtar'd ſo at the Young Fellow, that I was afraid my ſhe Cozen *Archer* would grow Jealous: In ſhort, ſhe had Ten Pounds worth of Goods, he had his Money down, and as *Roſella* does poſitively underſtand buying as well as any Lady in the Kingdom, ſhe declares, that whatever Family are not ſo kind to themſelves as to furniſh their Beaufets, Tea-Tables, and Corner Cupboards from my Cozen *Dick Archers*, they deſerve to be put in the *Tatlers*.

‡*‡ *Two Maidenheads to be ſold a Pennyworth. Enquire at the* Cat *and* Fiddle *in* Wich Street.

†*† *A Scaffold upon* Tower Hill, *little the worſe for wearing, to be diſpoſed of at Reaſonable Rates, to any Perſon who ſhall have ſo little Religion, Senſe or good Manners, either in Church or Coffee Houſe, to ſow Sedition, and repine at our preſent moſt glorious Conſtitution.*

†‡† *A New Totum for the uſe of thoſe Superſtitious Animals, who call Mince Pies Popery, and Cards the Devil's Books, whoſe ſtrongeſt Liquor is Lambs Wooll, whoſe Wit never ſoars above a harmleſs Pun, and whoſe Sublimeſt Diverſions are taking a ſober Walk, or a Sculler up the River. Sold by* Charles Bubble-bog *near the* Temple, *and no where elſe.*

The Deſcription of a Wapping *Ball will be publiſh'd with all convenient ſpeed.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Week will be publiſhed,

*** The Hiſtory of the Campaign in Flanders for the year 1709. Containing an exact Account of all the moſt material Tranſactions, intermix'd with ſeveral Original Letters, and ſome other private Occurrences taken from a Journal made on the ſpot; faithfully Collected by an Officer in the Engliſh Forces. To which is added, the Maps of Tournay and Mons, from the moſt Correct Plan. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane. Price 1 s.

Juſt Publiſh'd the Second Edition of,

*** A Brief Account of the Woollen Manufactory of England, with Relation to the Prejudice it receives by the Clandeſtine Exportation of Wool from Ireland into France. To which is added, an Appendix. Sold by Dryden Leach, in Elliot's Court, in the Little Old Baily. Pr. 1 s.

†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, ſo very terrible if neglected or ill managed; diſcovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without Hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters, &c. ſetting forth the diſmal Effects of ill Cures cauſing many Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes, which they oftentimes are at a loſs to account for. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch, in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton Garden.

DR Jackſon's Worm-Powder which has neither Taſte nor Smell, cures Pains, Knawings, Sickneſs at the Stomach, ſtriving to Vomit in a Morning, faintneſs ſinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Twiſting of the Guts, Intermitting Fevers, hot and cold Fits, ſhivering and trembling in the Limbs, Pthyſicks, Conſumptions, violent Chollicks, Convulſions; Rickets, Waſting and Weakneſs in Children and the Green Sickneſs; it opens Obſtructions and creates a good Appetite, prevents fearful Dreams and adds a lively colour to the Face; the former and moſt other Diſeaſes incident to Man Woman or Child proceed from Worms, and are Cur'd by this Excellent Worm Powder which bring away Worms of all ſorts of length and ſhapes, and leaves the Body in perfect Health. Sold at my Houſe in 3 King Court in the Great Minories; 3 Papers a ſufficient quantity to Cure a Child, 6 Pence a large quantity, for Elder Perſons at a proportionable Rate. My excellent Worm-Powder are ſold at theſe following Places, viz. at the Poulterers Shop in Leadenhall ſtreet, it turns into the Market, Mrs Osborns at the corner Shop the Eaſt end of St Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet, at the Glovers Shop going by Ludgate, at the Cutlers ſhop near Smithfield Bars, Mr Perry's a Powder ſhop at the corner of Bugly-ſtreet, at the Tobacco Rool upon Puddledock Hill, at Mrs Meers at the Poſt Office in King-ſtreet Weſtminſter, at Mr Jordans at Holbourn Bars near Middle Row, Cap-ſhop, at Mr Cooks a Cutlers ſhop in the Burrough of Southwark,

THe famous Chymical Secret for the Tooth-ach, a drop or two of which infallibly and inſtantly takes away the ſharpeſt Pain, tho ſo violent and raging, as almoſt to cauſe Diſtraction. In leſs than a Minute it gives eaſe to admiration, and not only takes the pain quite away, (whether the Tooth be ſound or rotten, but alſo certainly prevents its returning again. Price 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle (which contains enough to cure 20 People) with Directions. Sold only at Mr Bells Bookſeller, at the Croſs Keys and Bible in Cornhil, near Stocks Market, where the moſt Infallible Plaiſter for taking away Corns is ſold at 1 s. a Box, with Directions.

A *Fam'd Elixi for the Wind, which expels it to admiration whether in the Stomach or Bowels, all Sower or windy Belches or Hiccups from Indigeſtion, &c. it removes upon the ſpot; and cures Pains in the Stomach, Griping in the Guts, Stitches in the Sides, the Wind Chelick to a miracle; being no pretended but a real and effectual Medicine fit for the uſe of Old and Young. To be had only at Mr Spooners now living at the Golden Half Moon in Lamon-ſtreet, Goodmans Fields near White Chappel at 2 s. 6 d. Bottle with Directions.*

THe Carminative or Wind expelling Lozenges, the prettieſt and moſt delightful Medicine for that purpoſe in the World, are exceeding pleaſant to Taſte, breaks away Wind pent up in the Stomach and Bowels, that cauſe Sick Qualms, Dizzineſs in the Head, &c. one put into the Mouth in a Morning keeps Wind out of the Stomach, and exceeds all the Cordial Drams whatſoever; they diſpel Vapours, Stiches, Gripings, &c. rectify the Digeſtion, cure Heartburn, purifie the Blood, makes the Head eaſy and whole Body lightſome. Sold for 2 s. 6 d. a Box with Directions, at the Golden Key in Wartons Court near Holbourn Bars.

THE *Royal Chymical Waſh-Ball for the Hands and Face, Six Years experienced and daily commanded by all that uſe them, and that for making the Skin ſo delicately ſoft and ſmooth, as not to be parall'd by either Waſh, Powder, Coſmetick, &c. it being indeed a real Beautifyer of the Skin, by taking off all Deformities, as Tetters, Ring-Worms, Morphew Sun-Burn, Scurf, Pimples, Pits or Redneſs of the Small-Pox, &c. keeping it of a laſting and extream Whiteneſs, it ſoon alters Red or Rough Hands; and is admirable in Shaving the Head, which not only gives a more exquiſite ſharpneſs to the Razor, but ſo comforts the Brain and Nerves, as to prevent catching Cold; and is of a grateful and pleaſant Scent, without the leaſt Grain of Mercury. Is ſold only by Mr Allnut, Glover, the Corner of Pope's Head Alley againſt the Royal Exchange, and at Mrs Giles's, Milliner and Toyſhop next Hercules Pillar Alley, by the Temple, at 1 s. each, with printed Directions at large, and to prevent Counterfeits, is ſold no where elſe.*

THe moſt excellent Tablets of a delightful Flavour and Taſte, one of which at a time being only chewed or held in the Mouth, rowling it about with the Tongue, wonderfully (without the leaſt offence or hindrance of Buſineſs) purges the Head and Brain, curing all the Diſeaſes thereof, by evacuating the Rheum or Humours by moderate ſpitting that cauſe them, when all inward Medicines, Bliſters, Iſſues, Seatons, &c. are ineffectual; in Rheumatiſms, Gouts, King's Evil, Leproſies, Red or Pimply Faces, Itches, Scabs, &c. one of them uſed as aforeſaid, an hour or two will diſcharge near a Pint of Rheum, which continued, may ſave the Trouble and ſerve for the ſame end as a Salivation in many Caſes, and by ſpitting out any time the Tablet (which never ſtrikes to the Mouth or Teeth) the Flux immediately ceaſes, being very harmleſs, and as ſmall (only ſtattiſh) as Pees, leaves the Mouth moiſt, cool and refreſh'd. Are to be had only at Mr Varen's a Bookſeller at Seneca's Head near Somerſet-Houſe in the Strand, at 3 s. 6 d. the Box with Directions.